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THE ETERNALS

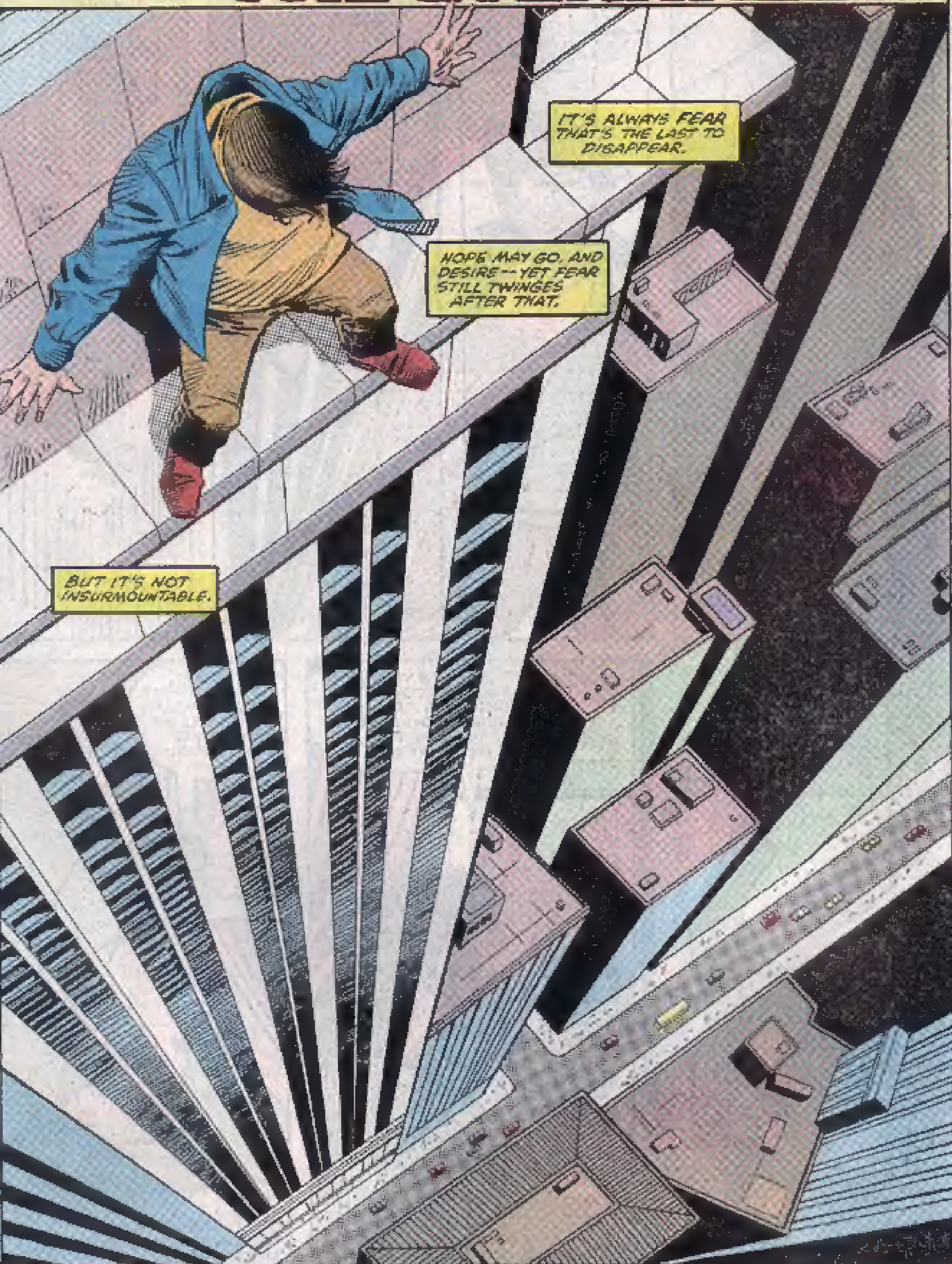
pollard

INTRODUCING...

PHASTOS

THE DEVIANT SLAYER SUPREME!

Stan Lee PRESENTS: THE ETERNALS!™



ETERNALS® Vol. 1, No. 3, December, 1985. Published by MARVEL COMICS GROUP, James E. Galton, President. Stan Lee, Publisher. Michael Hobson, Group Vice-President. Milton Schiffman, Vice-President, Production. OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: 387 PARK AVENUE SOUTH, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10016. Published monthly.


IT'S EASY. IN FACT, WHAT'S A LITTLE FEAR? NOTHING.


YOU JUST GRIT YOUR TEETH A LITTLE--


--AND DO IT.

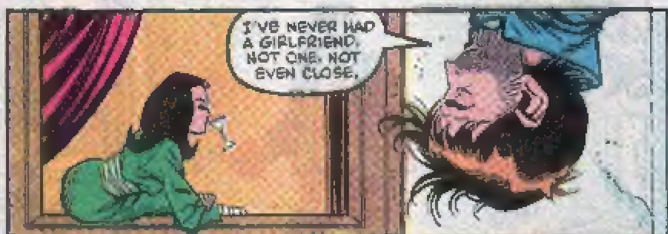

THAT'S ALL.


AHEM
EXCUSE ME--!

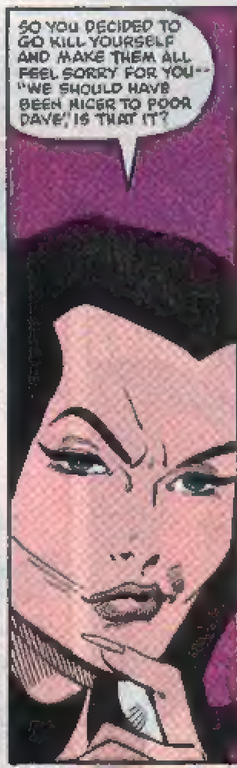

BUT YOU KNOW THERE ARE LAWS AGAINST COMMITTING SUICIDE, YOUNG MAN. AS A PUBLIC-MINDED CITIZEN, I DON'T THINK I SHOULD LET YOU GET AWAY WITH IT.
WHUH--WHUH--? HOW ARE YOU DOING THIS?!


THAT COMES LATER, BUT FIRST, I'LL MAKE YOU AN OFFER. TELL ME WHY YOU'RE KILLING YOURSELF--
--AND IF IT'S A GOOD ENOUGH REASON, I'LL LET YOU RESUME YOUR FALL. FAIR ENOUGH?


OH, AND YOUR NAME WOULD BE NICE.
CHATTERTON. DAVE CHATTERTON.
I DON'T KNOW. I FELT DEAD ALREADY --EXCEPT THAT I HURT SOME. THERE WAS NOTHING FOR ME HERE, IN LIFE. NO PURPOSE, NO MEANING. NOW WHAT'S GOING--

POOR BOY--WAS THERE A GIRL? THAT MADE YOU FEEL THIS WAY?
IN A WAY-- BUT NO.

I'VE NEVER HAD A GIRLFRIEND. NOT ONE. NOT EVEN CLOSE.

WHAT? SHOCKING! A NICE BOY LIKE YOU?

YEAH, SHOCKING-- BUT THEY SOON GOT OVER IT!
THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT EVERYONE ELSE SAID. I DON'T KNOW--I JUST ALWAYS SEEMED THE LAST IN LINE. EVERYONE [redacted] BY THE TIME I GOT THERE.

SO YOU DECIDED TO GO KILL YOURSELF AND MAKE THEM ALL FEEL SORRY FOR YOU-- "WE SHOULD HAVE BEEN NICER TO POOR DAVE," IS THAT IT?

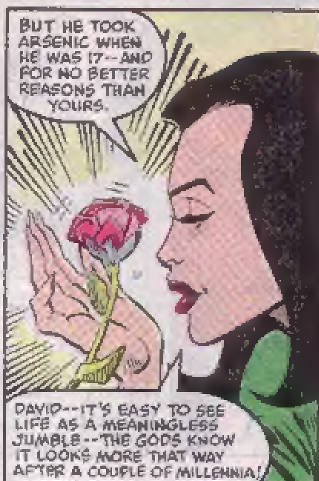
NO! I--I JUST LOOKED AT LIFE, AND I SAW JUST A LOT MORE GREY DAYS, GETTING SMALLER AND SMALLER, AND-- I DIDN'T WANT IT ANYMORE.

NOT GOOD ENOUGH, DAVE! SORRY!

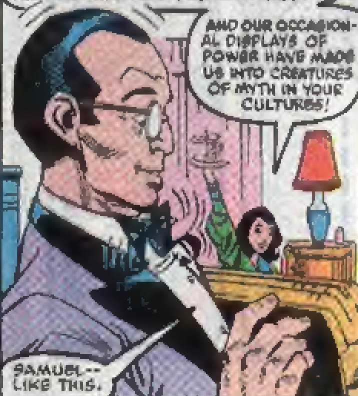
WHUH-- WHUH-- WHUH--
SERSI? WE'LL BE LATE FOR THE OPENING--AND WHO IS THIS?
A YOUNG MAN NAMED DAVE CHATTERTON--HE WAS JUST PASSING BY ON HIS WAY TO COMMIT SUICIDE. WEREN'T YOU, DAVE?
--WHAT'S GOING ON HERE???

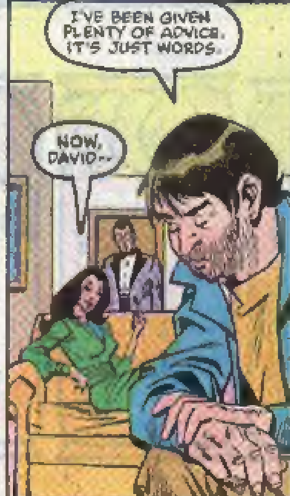

THE POWERS OF ETERNALS CAN BE DISCONCERTING EVEN ONCE YOU'VE GOTTEN USED TO THEM. YOU'D BEST SIT DOWN.
O-OK.
THE LADY'S NAME IS SERSI--YOU'VE READ ABOUT HER IN HOMER.


I KNEW YOUR NAMESAKE, DAVID--THOMAS CHATTERTON. A BRILLIANT POET. I GAVE HIM A FEW ANTIQUARIAN POINTERS--AFTER ALL, IT HELPS IF YOU WERE AROUND THEN.


BUT HE TOOK ARSENIC WHEN HE WAS 17--AND FOR NO BETTER REASONS THAN YOURS.
DAVID--IT'S EASY TO SEE LIFE AS A MEANINGLESS JUMBLE--THE GODS KNOW IT LOOKS MORE THAT WAY AFTER A COUPLE OF MILLENNIA!


BUT THERE ARE ALWAYS OPPORTUNITIES. ALWAYS.
IF YOU'RE WORRIED ABOUT BEING LAST IN LINE, DAVID--LEAVE THE LINE.


WE ETERNALS LEFT THE LINE A LONG TIME AGO--AND DISCOVERED A WHOLE WORLD OF THINGS OUR BROTHER HUMANS MISSED! WE'RE A GENETIC OFFSHOOT OF MAN, BORN WITH SPECIAL POWERS. WE'VE LIVED AMONG YOUR KIND FOR CENTURIES.
AND OUR OCCASIONAL DISPLAYS OF POWER HAVE MADE US INTO CREATURES OF MYTH IN YOUR CULTURES!
SAMUEL--LIKE THIS.

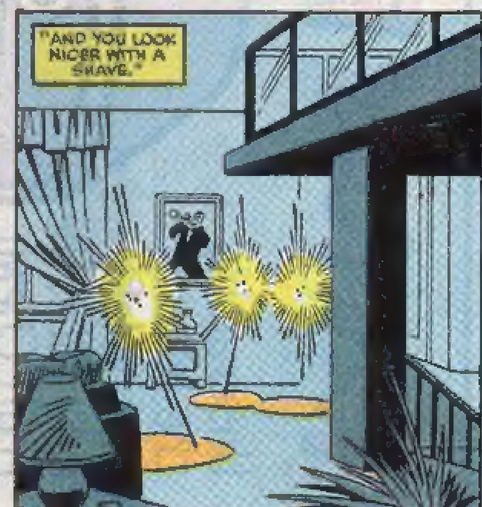

I'VE BEEN GIVEN PLENTY OF ADVICE. IT'S JUST WORDS.
NOW, DAVID--


BA-DABA-WAAH!!!
WHAT'S THAT?
THE PHONE, MORE OR LESS. EXCUSE ME.


IKARIS! WHAT IS IT?
SORRY TO INTRUDE, SERSI--BUT I NEED TO FIND KINGO SUNEN'S CURRENT LOCATION, SINCE MAKKARI HERE--
HI, SERSI!

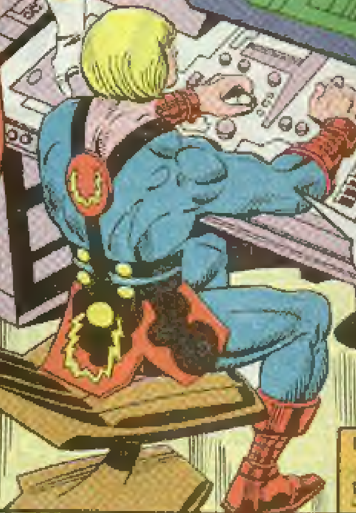

SINCE MAKKARI HERE STARTED TO 'IMPROVE' DOMO'S MACHINES, HE SUCCEEDED IN ERASING ALL THE ADDRESSES.
MY DATA-FILES ARE OPEN, DEAR IKARIS. TAKE WHAT-EVER YOU WISH. I HAVE TO RUN.

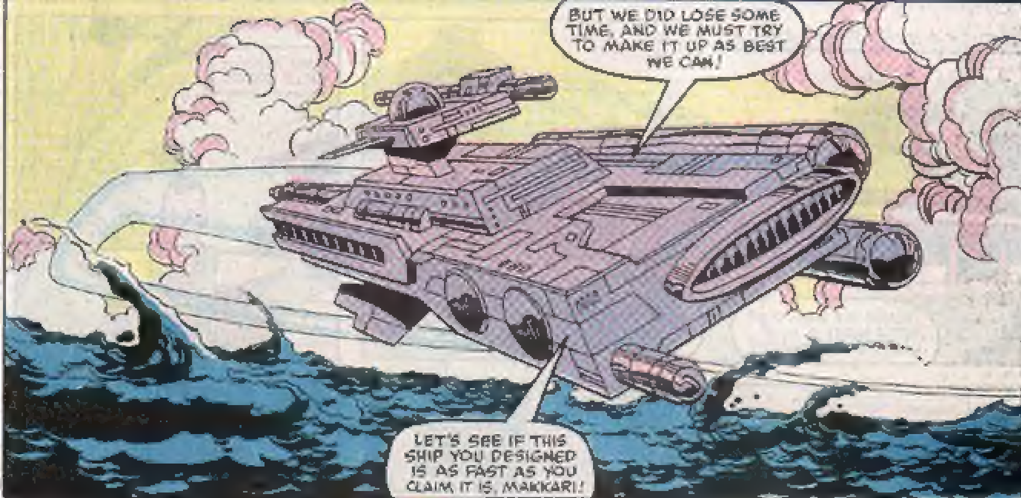

WERE THOSE MORE ETERN-- WHAT IN--?
WE REALLY WILL BE LATE FOR THE OPENING IF WE DON'T HURRY, DAVID. SO--


"AND YOU LOOK NICER WITH A SHAVE."


IN AN AIRSHIP OVER THE PACIFIC OCEAN...
THE STRATEGIES OF SUICIDE!
SORRY ABOUT THE MIX-UP.


KINGO JUNEN
342 SOREN LANE
TOKYO, JAPAN 31156

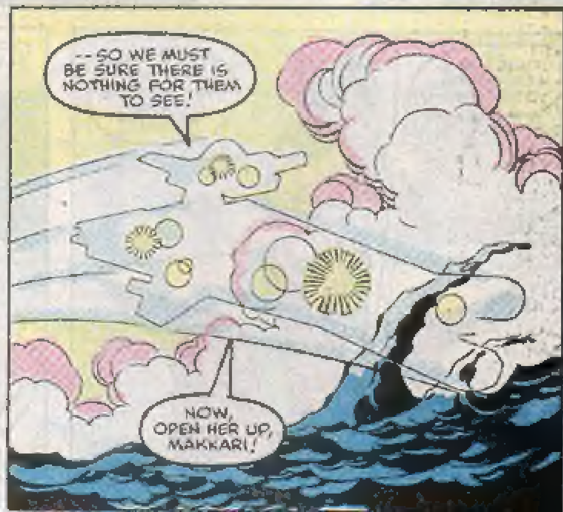

NO IRREPARABLE HARM DONE, MAKKARI.
PETER B. GILLIS STORY * SAL BUSCEMA PENCILS * AL GORDON INKS
JOE ROSEN LETTERS * GEORGE ROUSSOS COLORS * RALPH MACCHIO EDITOR * JIM SHOOTER EDITOR IN CHIEF

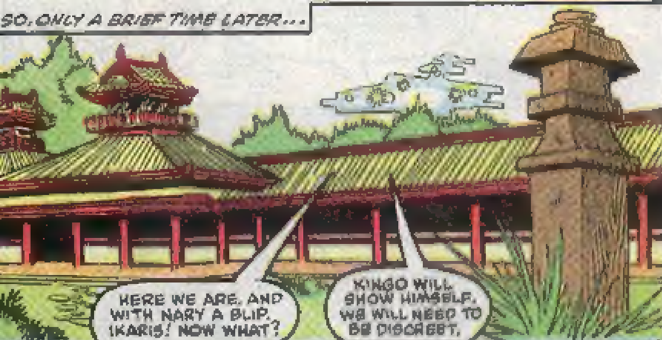

BUT WE DID LOSE SOME TIME, AND WE MUST TRY TO MAKE IT UP AS BEST WE CAN!
LET'S SEE IF THIS SHIP YOU DESIGNED IS AS FAST AS YOU CLAIM IT IS, MAKKARI!

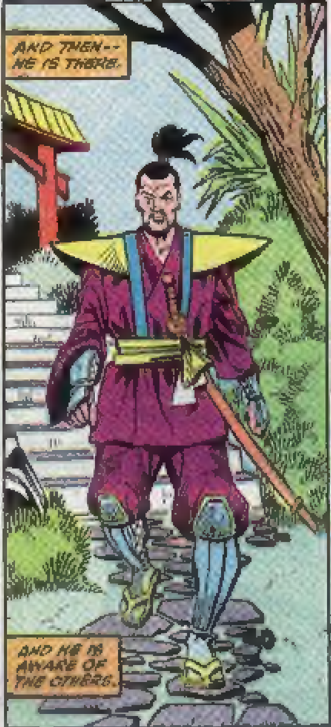

WE HAVE TO PUT TO-GETHER A FIGHTING FORCE OF ETERNALS WITHOUT DELAY--IT'S A GOOD THING WE WON'T HAVE TO TRAIPSE ALL OVER JAPAN ASKING FOR KINGO SUNEN'S WHEREABOUTS!


BUT LOOK! THE READOUTS SHOW THERE'S AN ENERGY CONCENTRATION AWAY SOUTH! THAT'S DEVIANT TERRITORY --ENEMY TERRITORY --NEAR LEMURIA!
MAYBE WE SHOULD INVESTIGATE IT?

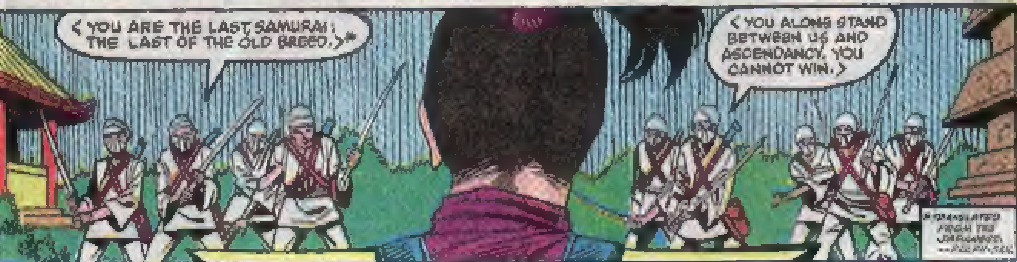

I WISH WE HAD TIME--BUT IT MUST WAIT UNTIL WE'RE READY!
NOW AT INCREASED SPEED,THE HUMANS MIGHT MIGHT PICK US UP ON RADAR EVEN AT THIS HEIGHT--


--SO WE MUST BE SURE THERE IS NOTHING FOR THEM TO SEE!
NOW, OPEN HER UP, MAKKARI!


SO, ONLY A BRIEF TIME LATER...
HERE WE ARE. AND WITH NARY A BLIP, IKARIS! NOW WHAT?
KINGO WILL SHOW HIMSELF. WE WILL NEED TO BE DISCREET.


AND THEN-- HE IS THERE.
AND HE IS AWARE OF THE OTHERS.


HE KNOWS WHO THEY ARE AND WHY THEY HAVE COME.
AND HE KNOWS WHAT MUST BE DONE.


<YOU ARE THE LAST SAMURAI: THE LAST OF THE OLD BREED.>*
<YOU ALONE STAND BETWEEN US AND ASCENDANCY. YOU CANNOT WIN.>
*TRANSLATED FROM THE JAPANESE.


<THAT WILL NOT MATTER, YOUNG ONES-->
<--TO THE MANY WHO WILL DIE HERE TONIGHT.>


<NO MATTER HOW GOOD YOU ARE, SAMURAI--NO MATTER IF YOU WIN, ONLY ONE SHALL DIE HERE-->
<--FOR WE ARE VAMPIRES!>
<SO!>

IT CHANGES NOTHING.



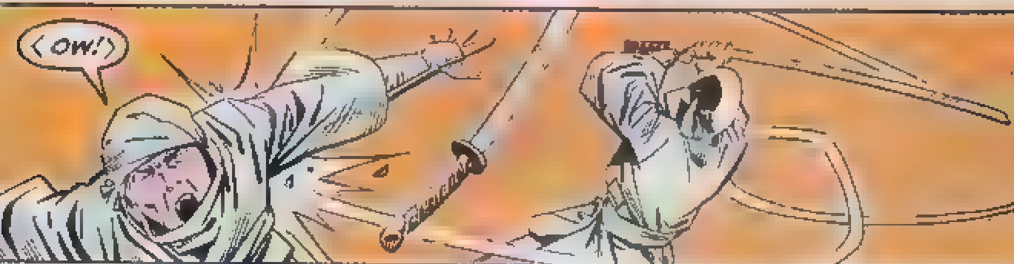


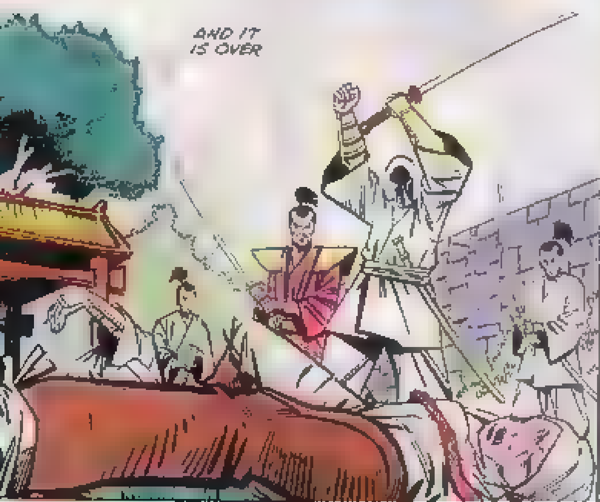


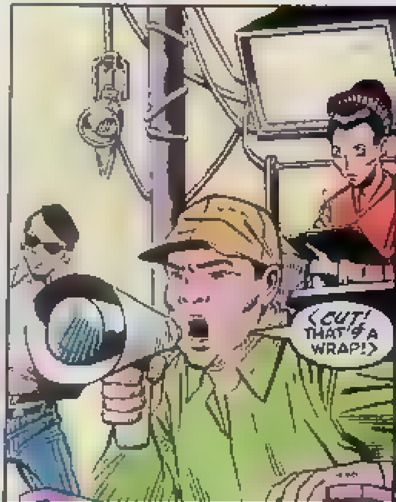



<TEACHER WE HAVE COME TO AID YOU!>
<BACK! I FORBID IT!>


BUT THE COMMAND IS IGNORED, AS HE KNEW IT WOULD BE--
--AS THE MASKED ONE FIRST AMONG HIS PUPILS, LEADS THE ATTACK.


<OW!>

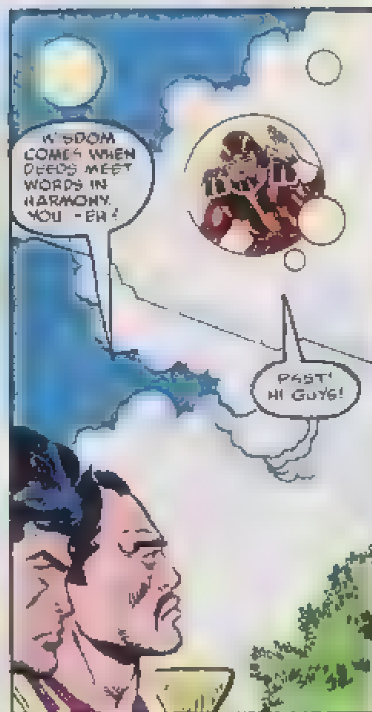

AND IT IS OVER


<CUT! THAT'S A WRAP!>

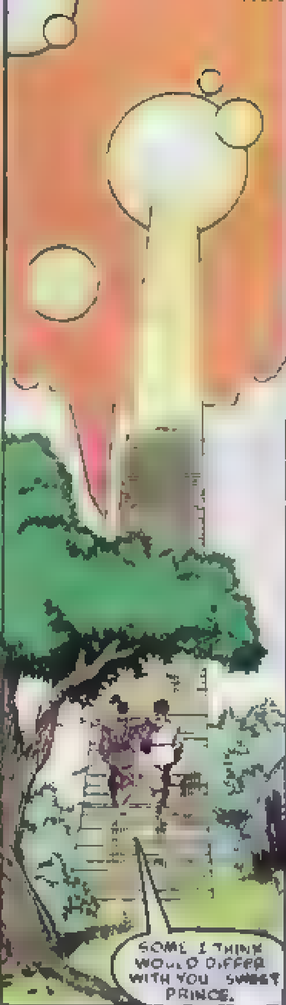

YOU NEARLY CUT ONE OF THE ACTORS IN REALITY, SWEET PRINCE.
YOUR FIGHTING WAS OF GREAT SKILL BUT OF SHODDY DISCIPLINE. YOU MUST LEARN THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE TWO.
YOU WERE CONCERNED THAT I DIDN'T HARM THESE 'ACTORS' -- THESE COWARDLY FALSE FIGHTERS. AND I DIDN'T.


IF I AM TO TEACH YOU ANYTHING, YOU MUST LEARN TO FIGHT-- AND TO ACT-- LIKE A MAN INSTEAD OF A WILD ANIMAL.
I AM NEITHER MAN NOR ANIMAL, ETERNAL--I AM A DEVIANT. THAT WON'T CHANGE WITH ALL YOUR 'TEACHING'!


THE WHOLE WORLD CHANGES, SWEET PRINCE --YOU LEFT THE HORROR OF DEVIANT SOCIETY TO COME INTO A GREATER WORLD. THE MAN WITH DISCIPLINE MASTERS THESE CHANGES. THE ANIMAL DIES
FOR THE MAN, THERE ARE ALWAYS OPPORTUNITIES
WORDS. AND DON'T CALL ME, 'SWEET PRINCE'-- I AM A REJECT.


WISDOM COMES WHEN DEEDS MEET WORDS IN HARMONY. YOU --EH?
PSST! HI GUYS!


KEEP WALKING AS IF NOTHING UNUSUAL IS HAPPENING, PUPIL.
NOTHING IS

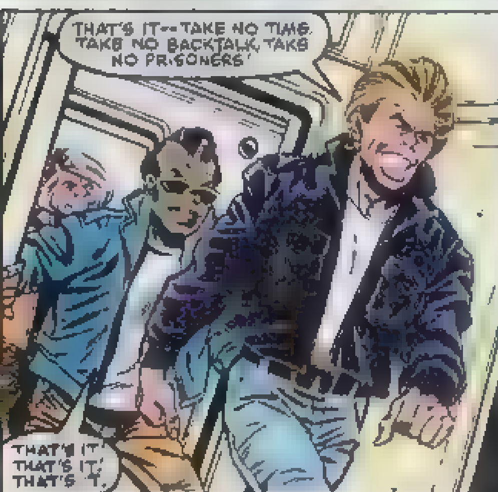


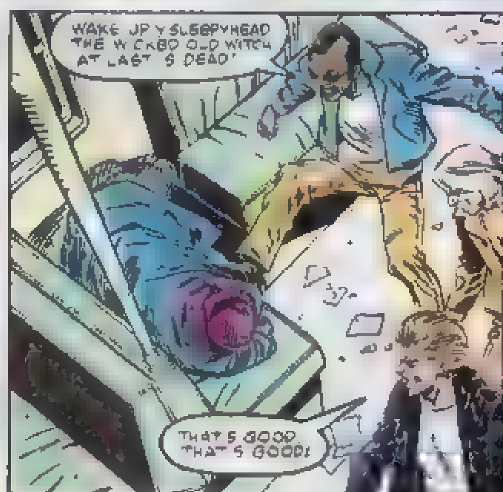
SOME I THINK WOULD DIFFER WITH YOU, SWEET PRINCE.

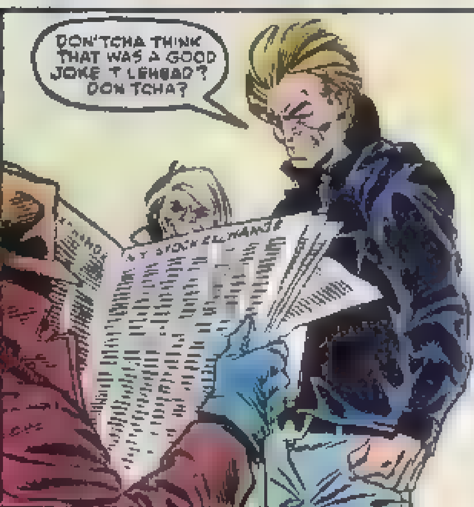
IKARIS, MAKKARI, MARGO DAMIAN, I AM HONORED BY YOUR VISIT.
HI, KINGO. WHAT'S THE MOVIE YOU'RE MAKING?
REVENGE OF THE TEENAGE MUTANT NINJA VAMPIRES." IT HAS ITS REDEEMING FACETS
BUT THIS IS NOT A SOCIAL CALL. WHAT IS THE MATTER, MY FRIENDS?
DEVIANTS, KINGO. NOW THAT MOST OF OUR ETERNAL RACE HAS GONE INTO SPACE OUR ANCIENT ENEMIES ARE MOVING AGAIN.
AND A WARRIOR OF YOUR STATURE WILL BE SORELY NEEDED, MY BROTHER ETERNAL.
"IT IS ONLY RECENTLY WE HAVE HEARD THAT THE LORD KRO HAS ASSUMED RULERSHIP OF THE DEVIANTS-- AND THEY HAVE BEEN INFILTRATING HUMANKIND."*
EVERY INSTINCT I OWN TELLS ME OF WAR, KINGO.
EXCELLENT! FOR TOO LONG I HAVE PLAYED AT FIGHTING BEFORE A CAMERA!
I AND MY PROTEGE PLEDGE TO JOIN YOU, IKARIS.
I AM NO ETERNAL'S PROTEGE-- NO ANYBODY'S ANYTHING! THOUGH I AM DEVIANT-BORN I BEAR THEM NOTHING BUT HATRED. THEY SCORNED ME BECAUSE MY APPEARANCE WAS UNLIKE THE REST. THEY MADE ME AN OUTCAST FIT ONLY TO FIGHT IN THEIR GLADIATORIAL ARENAS.
BUT I SWORE... AND AS I WAS TAUGHT I WILL FIGHT.
THEN THERE IS ONE MORE WE MUST CALL AND WE WILL BE READY.


NEW YORK EARLY MORNING. AT THIS HOUR, THERE IS A RESIGNATION TO THE SCREECHING STEEL AND ECHOED RUMBLE.


THE AIR IS THICK WITH THE WANT OF A BED-- WHEN EVEN THE MISERY OF A DEAD DAY HAS BEEN LEFT BEHIND

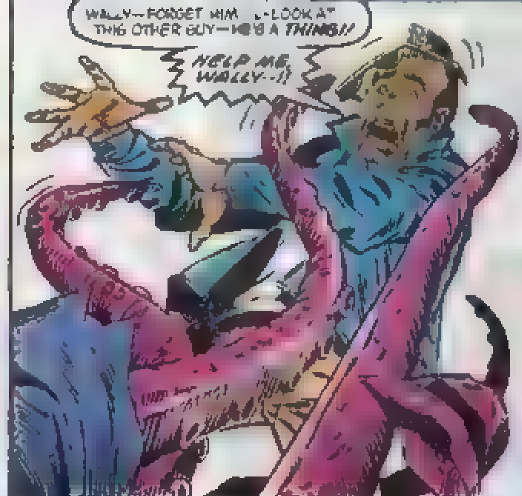

THAT'S IT--TAKE NO TIME. TAKE NO BACKTALK, TAKE NO PRISONERS!
THAT'S IT! THAT'S IT! THAT'S IT.


WAKE UP, SLEEPYHEAD THE WICKED OLD WITCH AT LAST IS DEAD!
THAT'S GOOD. THAT'S GOOD!


DON'TCHA THINK THAT WAS A GOOD JOKE TILEHEAD? DON'TCHA?

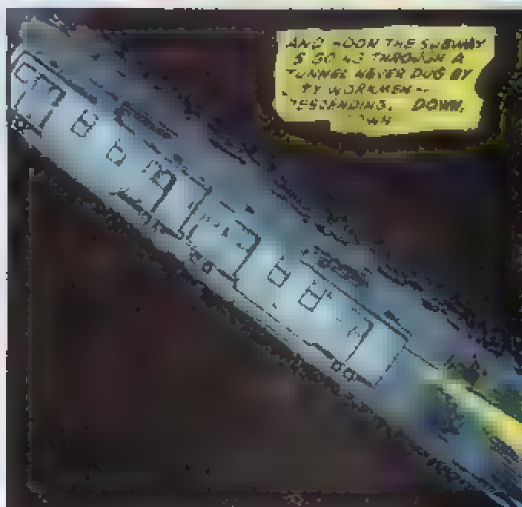

ANSWER ME, TILEHEAD!!!
WALLY-- LOOK-- LOOK AT--


I LACK THE CULTURAL REFERENTS FOR THE JOKE. HUMAN --
UNFORTUNATELY FOR YOU


WALLY—FORGET HIM —LOOK AT THIS OTHER GUY—HE'S A THING!!
HELP ME, WALLY--!!


HAD YOU JUST WALKED THROUGH THE CAR HUMANS, NOTHING WOULD HAVE HAPPENED TO YOU. WHAT WE DEVIANTS ARE ABOUT DOESN'T CONCERN YOU AS IT IS, THOUGH YOU'LL SHORTLY ENVY YOUR FRIEND THERE
FUNNY WORLD,


SKREEEEEEE


AND SOON THE SUBWAY
TUNNEL NEVER DUG BY
DOWN,


--UNTIL IT REACHED AN END
WE'RE HERE!

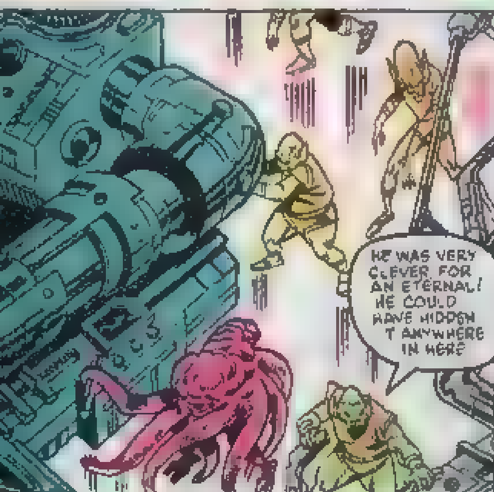

OUR INFORMATION WAS CORRECT! NOW WE MUST HURRY

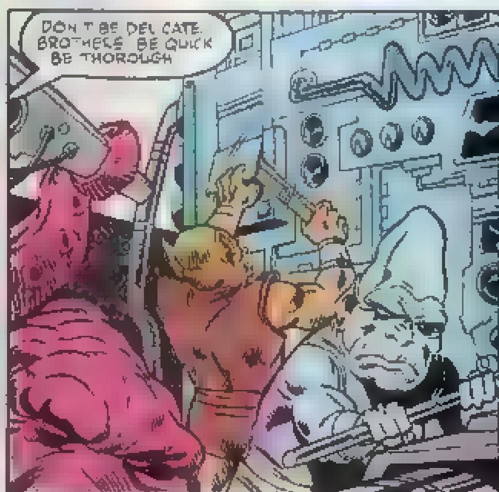

IT SHOULD BE JUST THROUGH THIS NARROW PASSAGE, AND--

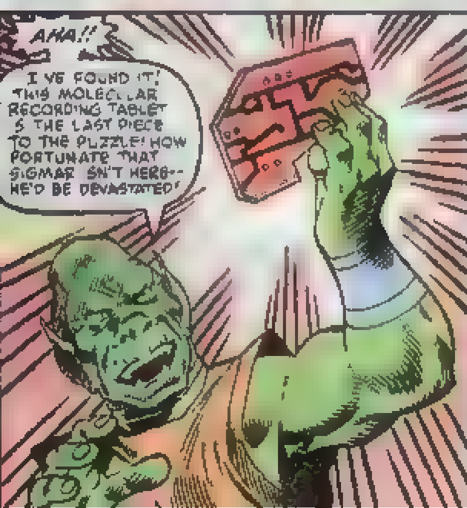

--BY THE FLAME-PITS WE'VE FOUND IT

THE LAIR OF *SIGMAR* OF THE POLAR ETERNALS


ALL OF YOU, NOW-- GET MOVING YOU KNOW WHAT WE CAME HERE TO FIND


HE WAS VERY CLEVER FOR AN ETERNAL! HE COULD HAVE HIDDEN IT ANYWHERE IN HERE!


DON'T BE DELICATE, BROTHERS. BE QUICK BE THOROUGH


AHA!!
I'VE FOUND IT! THIS MOLECULAR RECORDING TABLET IS THE LAST PIECE TO THE PUZZLE! HOW FORTUNATE THAT SIGMAR ISN'T HERE-- HE'D BE DEVASTATED!


NO DEVIANT-- SIGMAR IS NOT HERE HAVING GONE TO THE STARS WITH HIS BROTHERS AND SISTERS--

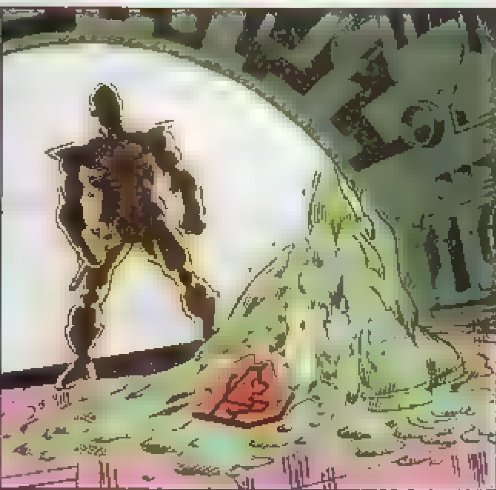
-- BUT *PHASTOS* REMAINS AND HE WATCHES OVER HIS PUPIL'S WORKS
UNDER MY SUPERVISION, YOU'LL UNDO THE DAMAGE YOU'VE DONE HERE
THEN YOU WILL PAY FOR THE CRUELTY YOU DID TO HUMAN FLESH THAT *CANNOT* BE FIXED
HE'S CRAZY! *GET HIM!*
MY HANDS ARE MEANT FOR BETTER THINGS THAN GRAPPLING WITH VANDALS
INSTEAD I WILL LET SIGMAR'S MACHINES EXTRACT THEIR REVENGE AND THEY DO NOT HAVE MY SENSE OF RESTRAINT
NOW YOU WILL GIVE ME THAT TABLET -- AND I WILL GIVE YOU YOUR LIFE
YOU IMMORTAL FOOL -- YOU'D GIVE ME NOTHING
LIFE IS A MEANINGLESS FEVER, A SENSELESS GAME -- EXCEPT WHEN GIVEN A PURPOSE GREATER THAN LIFE.

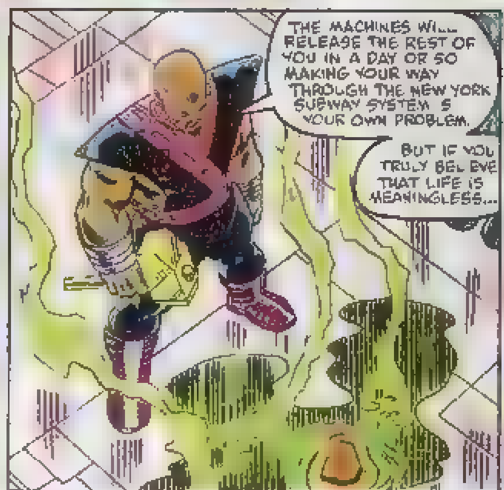

AND I TAKE IT YOU BELIEVE YOU HAVE THAT PURPOSE?

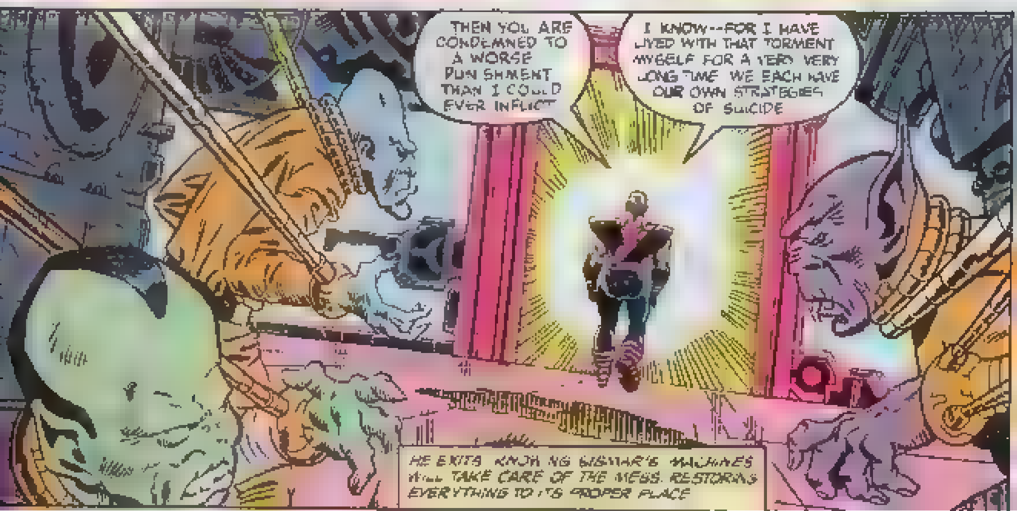

I DO WHAT I AM-- WHAT I THINK FEEL --IS NOTHING


BUT BY MY SACRIFICE I MAY BRING ABOUT--


-GLOOORRYYY




THE MACHINES WILL RELEASE THE REST OF YOU IN A DAY OR SO MAKING YOUR WAY THROUGH THE NEW YORK SUBWAY SYSTEM IS YOUR OWN PROBLEM.
BUT IF YOU TRULY BELIEVE THAT LIFE IS MEANINGLESS...

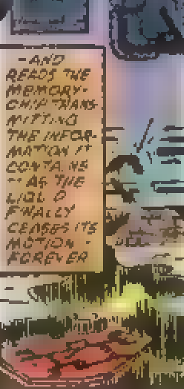

THEN YOU ARE CONDEMNED TO A WORSE PUNISHMENT THAN I COULD EVER INFLICT
I KNOW--FOR I HAVE LIVED WITH THAT TORMENT MYSELF FOR A VERY VERY LONG TIME WE EACH HAVE OUR OWN STRATEGIES OF SUICIDE
HE EXITS KNOWING BISMAR'S MACHINES WILL TAKE CARE OF THE MESS, RESTORING EVERYTHING TO ITS PROPER PLACE











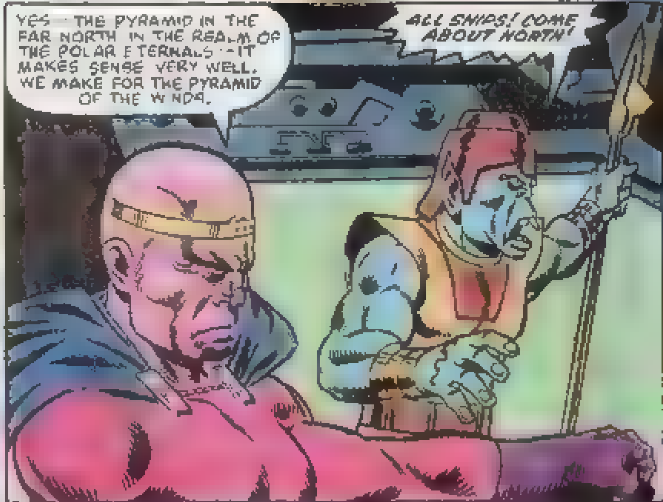
AND HALFWAY ACROSS THE WORLD IN THE AWESOME WARSHIP OF THE DEVIANT LEADER KRO

WELL, IS THE TRANSMISSION FROM OUR INFILTRATORS OR NOT? SPEAK UP!

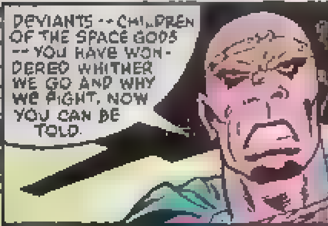
IT IS OF COURSE VERY FAINT MY LORD KRO - BUT IT DOES CONFORM TO THE PARAMETERS!

THERE'S DATA - I AM DECODING NOW --





AND BENEATH THE WATERS OF THE PACIFIC OCEAN--ALONG A LINE THAT STRETCHES HUNDREDS OF MILES--A VAST ARRAY OF SHIPS NOT OF HUMAN DESIGN SLOWLY TURN AS ONE--AND BEGIN TO MOVE *NORTH.*






WHAT WE WILL DO IN THE DAYS TO COME WILL CHANGE THE BALANCE OF THE THREE RACES OF MAN ON EARTH... THE BALANCE THAT WE HAVE GROANED UNDER FOR SO LONG --GROVELLING IN THE EARTH WHILE THE HUMAN AND ETERNAL LAUGH! WE SHALL ONCE MORE ATTAIN OUR RIGHTFUL PLACE AS RULERS--AND WE WILL NOT FEAR EVEN THE SPACE GODS THEMSELVES!
I OFFERED YOU THE BRIGHT CUP OF DEATH, BROTHERS, IN THIS CAUSE. WOULD YOU SET ASIDE THE BITTER BREAD OF LIFE AND DRINK? WHAT SAY YOU?


YES, LORD KRO! YES!


THEN, WARRIORS, WITH SUCH A SENSE OF PURPOSE AND MEANING TO SUSTAIN US, I KNOW WE CAN DO NOTHING BUT TRIUMPH IN OUR ENDEAVOR. TO YOUR STATIONS!
YES, A VERY PRETTY SPEECH --I AM AN ABLE PARROT OF THE WORDS OF THE DEVIANT PRIESTS --BUT WHY ARE WE *REALLY* GOING ON THIS JAUNT?


"SO MUCH DOESN'T MAKE SENSE--AS WHEN I MADE MY BID FOR THE SOVEREIGNTY TO THE *PRIESTLORD GHAUR** --HE SEEMED INCREDIBLY SMUG AND ARROGANT--NOT AT ALL KEEPING WITH HIS AGE-LONG MANNER.
*IN ISSUE #2. KRO-MAC.


"AND WHEN I WAS 'GIVEN' THE CROWN OF DEVIANT RULERSHIP, A GUARD ACTUALLY *STEPPED* ON THE CIRCLET, MANGLING IT--A ALL THE PRIESTS LAUGHED!
"THEY *LAUGHED*!!


THEY OBVIOUSLY CONSIDER ME NO MORE THAN A PUPPET, PRANCING ABOUT WHILE GREAT DARK FIGURES PERFORM THE REAL ACTIONS--AND THAT GIVES ME CAUSE TO FEAR. BUT BEWARE, PRIESTS--KRO CAN BE A DANGEROUS MAN WHEN FRIGHTENED--!


AND IN NEW YORK, AT ONE OF SERSI'S MANY APARTMENTS...
WELL, WHAT DID MY ENCHANTRESS THINK? HAVE I FOUND THE ART SENSATION OF THE SEASON OR NOT?
THE ENCHANTRESS SERSI THINKS THAT YOU SPREAD SENSATION *WHEREVER* YOU GO, MY DEAR! BUT NOW I'VE GOT A REPUTATION TO UPHOLD--!

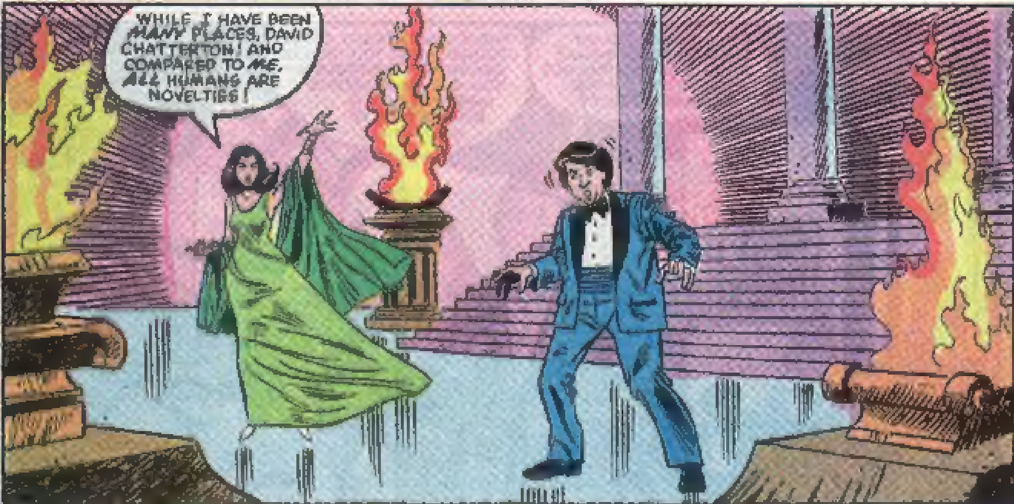

AND AMID THE SMALL LIES AND LARGE LAUGHTER THAT SEEM TO PRESS HIM INTO A FAR CORNER, DAVE CHATTERTON STANDS AND HURTS.
NONE OF THIS IS EASY.

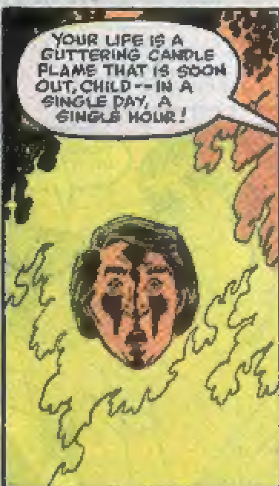

YOU'RE A FRIEND OF SERSI'S I HAVEN'T MET BEFORE--BUT THEN, ONE NEVER DOES GET TO MEET THEM ALL! WHAT DO *YOU* DO?
ME? I'M A FAILED SUICIDE.


AREN'T WE ALL! I'LL HAVE TO REMEMBER THAT ONE! WE'LL HAVE TO GET TOGETHER LATER! WHAT'S YOUR NAME?
DAVE--DAVE CHATTERTON--!


WONDERFUL--SEE YOU, DAVE!
'BYE.
AND I *KNOW* WHO YOU ARE.


YES, SHE *WAS* ON THE COVER OF *VOGUE* THIS MONTH, DAVID--AND SHE COULD BECOME A FRIEND IF YOU LET HER.
SURE--AS A CURIOSITY, AN ACCESSORY SHE'LL GET TIRED OF AS SOON AS THE NOVELTY WEARS OFF. I'VE *BEEN* THERE.


WHILE I HAVE BEEN MANY PLACES, DAVID CHATTERTON! AND COMPARED TO ME, ALL HUMANS ARE NOVELTIES!


YOUR LIFE IS A GUTTERING CANDLE FLAME THAT IS SOON OUT, CHILD--IN A SINGLE DAY, A SINGLE HOUR!


COMPARED TO THE ETERNALS, NOTHING HUMAN LASTS AT ALL! ONLY DEATH OUTLASTS US--AND DEATH IS NOTHING!
WHILE YOU--YOU, DAVE CHATTERTON...

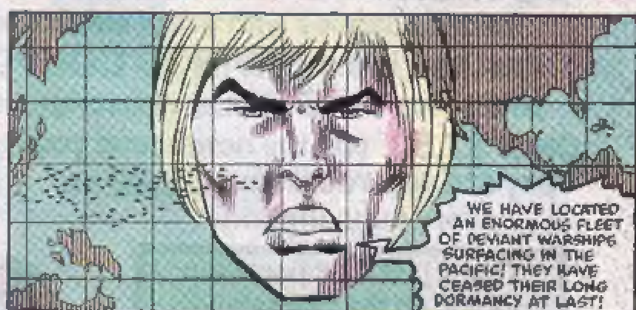

...BECAUSE YOU THINK THAT MOMENT'S FLAME NOT ENOUGH, BECAUSE IT FLICKERS SOMEWHAT--


--YOU WISH TO DESTROY IT! TO KILL IT COMPLETELY!


WELL THEN DO SO!
NO!!











NEXT ISSUE: WAR--AND BETRAYAL!!